

A NATION SUFFERING FOR ITS RELIGION; MORE PERSECUTION OF THE JEW

(BY G. A. M.)

AN APPEAL, touching in its pathos, comes across the waters from the battlefields of Europe. It is the cry of a suffering nation that suffers for its religion.

A race of people innocent of any connection with the cause or beginning of Europe's great war is being made the victim of its horrors. The Jews, inhabitants of practically all the nations at war, are among the greatest sufferers from the conflict. The war was not of their making, nor of their sanction, but they have been dragged into it, thrown upon the sacrificial altar and made the victims of cruel atrocities. The stories of their suffering and their anguish, that come from "the front," would be unbelievable in this country of free speech, if we did not know that such things are possible in countries so blindly fanatical in their religion as some of the countries of Europe now engaged in the great strife in the trenches.

Loyal as any national to the countries in which they live, the Jews have thrown themselves into the ranks with as much patriotism as any race; they have willingly enlisted as officers and as soldiers in the armies of their kings. They have fought their brothers upon battlefields because of geographical divisions solely; no other race of people have done more. Germans fight Russians, French, English and Serbs; Russians fight Germans, Turks and Austrians. All are fighting for their own people, their own race. Jew is fighting Jew because of his loyalty to his adopted country. Jews are fighting in every army now upon the battlefield. Yet, the people of these nations are not satisfied and the Jew must suffer more—greater agonies, more terrible punishment. His family is not safe at home in the country he is fighting for while he is away at the front battling for it. Religious fanatics at home have committed terrible outrages upon his unprotected children, his wife, his mother, his father.

Because of their religion, the Jews have always been persecuted, but nevertheless, with the call to arms, the Jew showed his patriotism to be equal to that of those about him. It was believed that the persecutions that had gone before would be buried with the new situation, at least for the time of the war. Jews enlisting to place themselves in the ranks as food for cannon that the country of their adoption might be saved, did so without suspecting the horrors that would be heaped upon those they left behind, by those whose country they were trying to save. But instead of ceasing their persecutions of the Jew, the residents boasting nationality in the country in which the Jews were residing, doubled their persecutions. Unprotected as they were, the Jewish families more readily fell a prey to the religious prejudices of their persecutors and today pages are being written in the religious history of the European continent that are as bloody as any in the history of the world.

It is not through Jewish sources alone that the tales of these horrors are brought to us. Other writers have told from time to time in the daily dispatches and in the magazine columns of the suffering of the Jews in the war and out; of the persecutions of the Jews as Jews because of their religion. Appeals have been made for funds to care for the victims, such as are left alive, appeals from societies that are wholly neutral in the view of the unfortunate situation. The fact has been well established that the Jews have been suffering untold horrors, to the everlasting shame of the civilization of the countries where the crimes have been committed. Men have been killed, women have been violated, children have been slain; all have been starved. Property has been confiscated without reason or warrant and families have been turned into the streets and the fields with but a few shreds of clothing upon their backs, barefooted, without food or drink. Little children

have starved and been buried by the wayside by mothers dying from hunger and shivering in fear. Aged men and women, exhausted, have lain down by the roadside and died from want of water and food, unable to walk further, those of their families still physically able to bring succor, unable to secure it in a land so fanatically opposed to their race; so bent upon persecuting them for their religion.

Herman Bernstein, the noted Jewish writer and scholar, to ascertain first hand the extent of the suffering, has visited the battlefields and the former homes of these victims of old world persecution, and sends back a cry for relief so eloquent, so appealing, so pitiful, that it should touch the heart of every person with a heart in his bosom. "Bread for the living, shrouds for the dead," is their appeal, he says, and, in his plea he pays a tribute to the greatness of America and its people and institutions, when he says:

"All eyes of the Jewish people abroad are turned to American Israel, all hands are stretched out to the great Hebrew center in the New World, waiting for help. They are hopeful that the great American Jewish center will surely act quickly, generously and energetically and help in saving the Jewish centers that are being destroyed now, the mothers and children who are dying of hunger and of cold, driven from town to town, like cattle, yet without the care accorded to cattle."

"They are hopeful that the Jews of America will be aroused to a realization of their full duty to their brethren, to the Jewish people which is becoming a people of starving wanderers."

Telling of their sufferings, he says: "It is not of the Jewish soldiers who have fallen that I write. Nor of the Jewish officers who have bravely given their lives upon the battlefields. In Austria alone upwards of 1500 Jewish officers have already died on the battlefield in

this war. The Jews everywhere have furnished proportionately a larger share to the armies than the other elements of the populations and their blood has been shed on all battlefields. It is not of these victims of the war that I write now. The Jews have given their lives as the other nations have given them in this most useless, most terrible of wars in history.

But it is of the people they have left behind that I write, of their fathers, their mothers, their sisters, their wives and their children who are starving, of Jewish communities, of ancient Jewish centers of culture and learning that have been uprooted.

Millions of Jews in Russia and Galicia have been utterly ruined; they are now homeless, hopeless, starving. Thousands upon thousands are actually dying of hunger. They are starving in Russia, they are starving in Galicia and they are starving in the Polish provinces occupied by the German forces. Yes, they are dying of hunger in Lodz and in Warsaw, and in countless other places. They cannot even utter cries for help. The censor is suppressing these cries everywhere.

The refugees are crying in vain in the wilderness, but their hopes are directed to the Jews of America. Those who have given must give more and those who have not given must be compelled to give. The Jews are martyred now, are tortured for no other "crime" than their Judaism. Whoever you are, however great your influence, your power and your wealth, here in the land of freedom, if by chance you had remained where your brethren are now martyred, you too would be among those who are now begging for a crust of bread. When the whole story of Israel's tragedy in this war will be told the world will shudder.

Short Snatches From Everywhere.

Absinthe is now being used as an explosive. It has long been one of the most destructive elements known to man.—Los Angeles Times.

Just to show he could be neutral, Col. Roosevelt saved a Princeton student from being shot by the British.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Several hundred Villa "generals" and a score of private soldiers have taken refuge in the United States recently.—Phoenix Republican.

The most optimistic do not predict that the great war will kill the seeds of dissension and distrust in the Balkans.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A fresh water exchange has discovered that a marriage is the longest sentence that a justice of the peace can impose.—Port Arthur (Texas) News.

Congress is at it again, but the chances are that nothing more serious will happen than an adjournment in time for Christmas.—Los Angeles Times.

The demoted man who plunged into the sea to ward torpedoes off the peace ship had the right idea, but a crude method of applying it.—Austin American.

If Henry Ford thinks he can bring peace between the warring nations of Europe before Christmas we think he is reckoning up the wrong jitters.—Tombstone (Ariz.) Prospector.

Along with the slogan "do your Christmas shopping early" the Texas newspapers carry, "pay your poll tax." Poll taxes and Christmas shopping go arm in arm in that state.—Phoenix Gazette.

The official recognition of Carranza has at least enabled us to keep track of the Mexican president—he has been one and the same person for several weeks, which is quite some record for Mexico.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The theory entertained in England, that the way to beat the Germans is to wear them down by slow attrition, is not unanimously received in Russia. "We must beat the enemy," says a writer in the Novoye Vremya, "by being as energetic as they are by waiting for him to get weak."—Tucson (Ariz.) Star.

Poetry Teaches Thought to Shake Its Feet Requisite For Poetic Greatness Is to Be Dead

By GEORGE FITCH.

POETRY is the science of teaching thought to shake its feet. It is one of the oldest of human habits, but has spread greatly in late years. Whereas at one time poets were so scarce that one poet was read around among a thousand manors, they are now so plentiful that one editor has to be passed around among a thousand poets.

Poetry has existed since the time of Homer, a blind man, who peddled verses considerably. B. O. a great many critics declare that the quality of poetry has not improved since then. However, the sale has improved greatly since Homer was a blind man, while Rudyard Kipling now has his metrical grouchies cabled all over the world as pure reading matter and gets a thousand dollars to rumble with a bonus if it is against the United States.

In the very early days poets had to carve their verses in stone with a mallet and chisel. This was a splendid idea and kept down the output very nicely, as it took a poet a whole day to knock out a single line. Later on, however, ink was invented and since then poets have got entirely beyond control. The output has increased enormously and untold and enormous poets are causing great distress—particularly in England since the war and Harold Begbie began.



In the very early days poets had to carve their verses on stone. To make poetry, one must have great emotions and a large supply of litho.

well-manicured words. Minor poets are supposed to make the lines rhyme and metre—metre being two-four time or three-four time or six time or, in the case of Swinburne, Salome time. The greater poets do not have to rhyme their lines and there are some few so great that they do not have to use rhyme or metre either. The reader tells this kind of poetry from prose by the way he jerks and jumps while reading it.

Shakespeare was a great poet, and so were Tennyson, Byron and Goethe. One of the greatest requisites for poetic greatness is to be dead. The late Mr. Poe of America adopted this method with success. However, America has produced very few great poets, because life is too pleasant over here. Poetry soothes the soul and deepens the mind and lightens the heart. It also fills the stomach and keeps the mills running full blast. More than once, in the last few years, an American poet has kept a large breakfast food mill running day and night by putting two small lines of poetry in all our leading street cars.—(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

Richard Peltz is the only living official sponsor whose name appears upon the cornerstone of the city hall of Philadelphia. The stone was laid July 4, 1874.

felt very tired. He came to the edge of a big pond of water, all frozen over. "If I could only walk across the ice it would be much shorter," Uncle Wiggily said. "But I can't. The ice is so slippery that I'd fall down. I'll have to go all the way around." "But I'd like to get across on the ice." Then he looked at the dishpan and at the fan in it, and he felt the wind blowing on his nose, and suddenly Uncle Wiggily had a new idea.

"Why not?" he cried. "Why not make an ice boat? I'll sit in the dishpan, hold up the fan for a sail, and the wind will blow me, the pan, the fan and all across the slippery ice. Just as if I were in an ice boat. I'll have to do it. Holding up the fan as he sat in the pan Mr. Longears was soon being blown across the slippery ice. Away and away he sailed. And

ABE MARTIN



Lots o' us have plenty, but no peace. It was as quiet here Sunday as a successful man.

soon he was at the other side and near his bungalow home. Then he dragged the dishpan the remainder of the way, being much rested, and soon Nurse Jane could wash her dishes as if nothing had happened, for no water leaked out of the new pan.

And oh! how the muskrat lady laughed when Uncle Wiggily told her about having sailed across the slippery frozen pond in the dishpan ice boat. I think it was lots of fun myself, and if the lead pencil doesn't fall over the rubber band and step on the piece of paper giving it a black mark, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the buttons.

AS AN EMERGENCY MEASURE ONLY. Mr. Wilson's suggestion to turn the merchant marine over to private management after it is built prompts the reflection that it may be necessary to do the same thing with the navy.

The United States income tax in the last fiscal year yielded \$72,226,575.

Mexican Is Fine Type For Artist To Paint Juarez Fine Field For Seeker After Color

"THE MEXICAN makes a fine type to paint," said Allen T. True. "The picturesqueness of him and the color and setting help produce a picture which has plenty of interest and range of temperament in it. In Juarez there is a field for the man who will keep his eyes open and watch faces and costumes. Then, when he starts picture making, perhaps thousands of miles away, he will perhaps draw a jaw or the fold in a blanket which will bring back to him in a flash the whole figure he saw down here with its setting and colorful background."

"Allen True's work is splendidly done and shows the earnest efforts of an unaffected young man who has given serious thought to his art and has worked out his themes with the care that makes for real art," said Fred J. Feldman. "There is nothing hasty about his paintings which are on exhibition here. The murals are especially well done and all of his work has the spirit and the color of the west. This exhibit at the best El Paso has had and Mr. True is deserving of the compliments the patrons of the exhibition are paying him this week."

"In Michigan the law is very strict on the question of wife desertion," said C. C. Towse of Battle Creek, Mich. "If a man leaves his wife he is subject to several years in the penitentiary unless he shows a disposition to return to his home and provide for his family. Neither the law nor the authorities, insist that men and women who are unconvincing live together, but it does insist that once a man marries he must provide for his wife and family."

"El Paso is the most logical place in the southwest for the development of a packing house," said H. H. Bass, builder of packing houses from Chicago. "This is a range country and unlike the prairie land of the coast will remain grazing land. A packing house here would serve not only the interests of the southwest, but would build up a large trade in exports, more than competing with central United States points because of a difference in

shipping rates. I do not think that a small industry of this kind would exist in any other place. It is a plan that should be built on a large plan from the beginning."

"I am very agreeably surprised at the size and metropolitan appearance of El Paso," said Tom J. Newton, former county attorney at San Antonio. "The city appears to be in very good shape and undoubtedly has a great future. San Antonio continues to grow. Expensive street improvements have been made in the city, greatly improving its appearance."

"El Paso is the best city I have seen in some time," said J. P. Baker, of Texarkana, a suburb of Bowie county. "I acknowledge that I was greatly surprised to see so modern a city. I was greatly

interested in Juarez, which is the most remarkable place I have ever seen. It is a point of interest that must greatly appeal to every visitor of the city."

"Good corn and great class 'fat boys' spell success for many El Paso valley farmers," said county farm demonstrator A. G. Graham. The man who devotes his time to growing rice and soy beans and at the same time apportion much of his land to the cultivation of hardy corn will make money in irrigation project. I hope to get some corn and hog clubs started in this section, and there is no doubt in my mind but that they will be valuable assets in the building up of the farm lands hereabouts."

MORE Truth Than Poetry

Mere Coincidence, of Course.

When Mr. Wilson sprang that Isaiah quotation some one found that Teddy had used it about a month before. And now comes the Boston Transcript and says:

"Comparing merchant ships 'wearing the dedicatory fabric of sympathy' to shuttles, president Wilson used a powerful and striking metaphor, for which, by some great critic of the printer, the proper credit was not given to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But why should a government printer be always on the lookout? Did not this same Mr. Rudyard Kipling once say:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre 'E heard men sing by land an' sea. An' 'twas 'is thought 'is might require 'E went an' took 'is name as me."

The Old Story. British Not Worried as Defences are Believed to be Impregnable.—Headline. The foregoing refers to Adnan this time. A year or more ago the same headline referred to Liege and Antwerp.

It's a Long, Long Way to Old Missouri. The president is quoted as saying: "I will enter the next campaign with confidence and enthusiasm." Are the Democratic delegates going all the way to St. Louis next year merely to attend a ratification meeting?

Cupid Slain. The following formal announcement appears on the society page of a Denver paper, printed inside a rule border occupying two columns of space:

Wishes to Announce Her Divorce From Mr. Albert Cargill Kelsey Friday, August 12, 1915, at Seattle Washington.

MAY PUNISH PHOTIC ARTICLES Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12.—Not because he let the O'Higgins baby die, but because he wrote articles about it for publication, Dr. H. J. Haiselden is in danger of expulsion from the Chicago Medical Society. The council of the society made its report to that effect public Tuesday night.

The Bostoner baby was allowed to die, with the consent of its parents, because it was an alleged hopeless defective. The society decided Dr. Haiselden's conduct was unethical, insofar as his effort at authorship was concerned.

The sessions of the council were executive, but Dr. Haiselden is said to have set up the defense that for 200 years physicians have subscribed to a policy of secrecy on subjects which ought to be published for the enlightenment of the public.

14 YEARS Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1901.

The contest for the selection of the queen of the winter carnival started today, and the girls are getting excited at this early date. Also, besides, and like a matter of fact, showing more than their share of interest in this important matter, and El Paso shows unmistakable indications of being all churned up over the final choice when that momentous moment rolls around.

Ed Anthony left for Casas Grandes to receive a big bunch of cattle. W. W. Turney has returned from Austin, where he has spent the past week on private business.

Ed Hohing has sold to Charles R. Morehead lots 17 and 18 in block 15, Franklin Heights addition, for \$1500. The women of the Baptist church will have their Christmas sale of cakes at T. H. Springer's store, and any order for special cakes must be given to Mrs. Howard Thompson, 517 Myrtle avenue.

Mrs. Dascumb entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Anna and among her guests were the Misses Lillian, Townsend, Winnie, Crowe, May, Rook, Ellie, Shelton, Juanita, Sorenson, Bessie, Williams, Harrie Brown, Edna Holland, Ruffe, Roach, Rose Williams, and Theo Patterson.

A most delightful dance was given last night by members of the Impromptu club. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Crowe were chaperones and among those participating in the evening's pleasures were the Misses Martin, Crowe, Anna, Marr, Shelton, and Lackland, and Messrs. Burns, Beach, Townsend, North, Harpell, Miller, Hague, and Longue-mare.

Christ, Ford and Bryan

BY AL. O. YSUIS.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his court those things are in peace which he possesseth."

"But if a stronger than he come upon him, and overcome him, he will take away all his armour wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils." (Luke XI, 21-22.)

So spoke the Christ who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

"When a strong man unarmed keepeth his court, those things are in peace which he possesseth."

"But if a stronger than he come upon him, he will not overcome him, he cannot take away all his armour wherein he did not trust, and will not distribute his spoils." (Psalms CXXXV.)

So spoke Bryan, Ford, et al. Can it be that Christ was mistaken? Or, "Is the servant greater than his master?"

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily and the Ice Boat."

By HOWARD E. GARIS.

"O H DEAR! It's freezing," cried nurse Jane Puxxy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady who kept the hollow stump bungalow for Uncle Wiggily. Longears, the rabbit gentleman. "It has a hole in the bottom, and the water is leaking out. Oh dear!"

"Out of what is the water leaking?" asked Mr. Longears. Out of the kitchen sink!"

"No; out of my dishpan," answered Mrs. Puxxy Wuzzy. "I think I'll have to get a new dishpan at the six and seven cent store."

"I'll get it for you," offered Uncle Wiggily. "I am going down town and I'll buy the dishpan."

"Maybe you won't like to carry it home," said Nurse Jane. "I can't wait to have it sent in the wagon, as I need it at once. But a big dishpan isn't very nice for a rabbit gentleman to carry home."

"I don't in the least mind," Uncle Wiggily said, with a polite bow. "I will carry the dishpan with pleasure."

Uncle Wiggily was always that way, helping as much as he could. While Nurse Jane emptied the water out of the old, leaky dishpan which had a hole worn in it from having danced on the hot stove so much, Uncle Wiggily set off for the six and seven cent store. Over the woods and through the field he hopped and soon he was there. He did not have the rheumatism very badly this day so he left his crutch at home.

"The largest, nicest dishpan in the store," he said to the little mouse girl clerk behind the counter.

"Here you are, Uncle Wiggily," she answered, and she lifted up such a big, new, shiny tin dishpan that she had to raise it with both paws.

"Mr. I wonder if I can carry that?" the rabbit gentleman thought. "It is pretty large."

The little mouse girl clerk had to call on a little pussy cat clerk to help her wrap up Uncle Wiggily's dishpan. Finally they managed it and as the rabbit gentleman was going out of the store, having paid his money, the little mouse clerk handed him a large fan.

"What's this for?" asked Mr. Longears. "It's a souvenir," answered the mouse girl. "Everybody who buys anything in our store today gets a fan for nothing."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily politely. "But isn't it a little strange, giving out fans in the winter time? It is the summer time when they are needed to keep you cool."

"Oh, well, take the fan anyhow," said the mouse girl. "It will be summer some day."

WHY NOT GIVE THEM ALL A HAND?



NOW THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE SEE FIT TO ACKNOWLEDGE GOOD WORK IN THE MOVIES BY MEANS OF APPLAUDING WITH THEIR MITTS -

OR A CLASSY WINDOW DISPLAY GET A HAND

OR A GOOD FIGHT

WHY CAN'T THE STATUES IN OUR MUSEUMS RECEIVE THE SAME SORT OF RECOGNITION

OR HEROES BE HONORED ACCORDINGLY.

War News

"THE foe has lost six yards of trenches, and now feels pretty sick; those husky boys of Sir John French's rushed in and did the trick." "The Germans captured Hillock Twenty, which cost 10,000 men; they soaked the Britishers a-plenty, and drove them back again." "A triumph for our splendid navy! We sank a pleasure boat! Our super-dreadnaughts are, by gravity, the grandest things afloat." "The Turks are using gas, whose stench is too strong for Christian threats, and so they robbed us of some trenches, and captured seven goats." "K's policy of watchful waiting appears to lose its charm; the morning sheets are broadly stating that he's a false alarm." "The king, who tumbled from his charger, still has a lumpy brow; the lumps, however, are no larger, and there's no panic now." "Our heroes scrambled from the trenches, just as the sun went down, and caught a brace of country wenches who carried cheese to town." "The Russian hosts are still retreating, yet fight from ditch to ditch; they surely take a lot of beating, and punishment."

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

WALT MASON.

EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE. THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 17 years; J. C. Wilmuth is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

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